SHACKLETT

The Evolution of a Statesman

BY Walter Barr

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEVIL AT THREE TO ONE.

Old Senator McNamara was in. He looked very different from the senators from the districts with low numbers, up near Cook county. He was a farmer who had come from Kentucky to the same part of Illinois that Logan, Morrison, Dubois and others have made famous. He had arrived in time to sit on the knee of Jesse K. Dubois and ask lisping questions about the man Lincoln, whose name he heard so often. He had grown up without much schooling, but with the hard sense and Irish wit which made him a natural politician. Best of all, those who lived nearest and knew him best knew that he never had been so much as accused of any questionable act. He was called "John" by most of the inhabitants of three counties, and "Honest John" by the young lawyers who traded school districts with one another in order to "conduct a campaign" with fervid oratory.

"Hello, John," began Shacklett, before he removed his hat. "Let that laundry alone and sit down for about ten minutes, I want to talk to you like a brother."

John McNamara let the collars and cuffs fall to the floor and dropped into a chair, while Shacklett drew up another, pushed back his hat, and rested both hands on his cane. He was going to talk for $20,000—and the girl—and when that hat went back in that way the other side always went to work with increased energy.

"Now, John," he began at once, "I'm not going to talk about any account with you. You know how the books stand, and I'll admit there's a little balance due me since I turned that trick at the ville for you and knocked out old Putnam; but that cuts no ice now. I did that because you've always been a friend, even if you never got a chance to do much for me. Now's your chance." The old man nodded energetically and opened his mouth to speak, but Shacklett went on rapidly. "It's the chance of my lifetime. I'm not going to offer to buy you; you know I'm too smart for that, and that I know that a million couldn't touch you with a telegraph pole. But there's $20,000 in it for me for one more vote for the Chicago bill. You know what that is for me. Will you do it and not take a cent, but do it for me?"

The old senator from Egypt, out of whom some of the city members got a good deal of fun at times, scarcely moved his head, and his tone was as even as if he was discussing the price of wheat or the best crop to follow clover.

"Noel," he said, "I never called on you for anything yet that you didn't accomplish for me. You always got there, and you always got there for me. I don't forget such things. There was that time you came down and saved that convention for me. I know that you gave up a week in Chicago to do that, and there was a hot time among the boys there then, too. I've never done much thanking with words in my life; somehow I don't take to tellin' a feller how much I thank him. But I never yet went back on a friend that asked my help.

"You know that it's no use to offer me money, and you haven't done it. If you had I don't know but what that would o' evened up our score to date. But you know me too well—or maybe you was too smart. Anyhow, I guess you know that there's not enough money in Chicago to buy me—and never will be.

"But I'll vote for the bill for you. I know what the money is to you, and you won't lose any sleep about the morals of spending it, I guess. Only, them Chicago fellers and their members mustn't come around me. I'll follow the lead of Forsythe, their steering committee, and if there's anything to be said off the floor you must come and tell me. Now don't say a word till I'm done talking."

Shacklett's eyes were shining, which they had not done for years, and which he had carefully trained them for years not to do, and he was about to become effusively thankful, which he had never been before in his life—though he had never won so much before. But Senator McNamara went on without a change in his tone or any tightening of his control over himself and his visitor. Shacklett afterward envied him his poise from the bottom of his heart. The next words made Shacklett glad that he had not interrupted the monologue.

"You know my position, Noel," the stream of language flowed on without a ripple, "and you know exactly what this is to me. The folks down home call me 'Honest John,' and no man dares to say a word about my honesty. When the Chicago crowd threw a lot of money into the district to help Walsh beat me and it got out, that made me solid as long as I want to stay. I'm going to quit now. You know it. I'm going home knowing that I never touched a cent of crooked money, and am as honest as I was when I came here.

"But I'm going home covered with the filth of the stockyards whether I stole a hog or not. They'll believe that I was bought. I can't make 'em believe anything else, and you can't, by a long shot. They'll say I got a big pile, for it would take a fortune to get me. They'll wonder at all the stores o' nights what I done with it. They'll come around to sell me their blasted farms and a new buggy, and they'll watch to see how Mary and the girls dress.

"As long as I live they'll say to strangers: 'That's old John McNamara; he used to be in the Senate, but he sold out the time of them big Chicago deals; he got a big pile; nobody'd 'a' believed he'd done it.'

"And then, when I die, they'll say of my children that Bob has a nice farm—his father got rich selling out when he was in the Senate; and that Carrie married well because she was rich—her father made a lot of money when he was a senator and them big Chicago bills was passed. Yesterday I thought I'd go down into my grave old Honest John McNamara; now I'm going to go home disgraced among the people that've known me so long, if you say so. It sha'n't be said that I ever went back on a friend. If you say so, Noel, I'll vote for the bills, but I want you to understand the situation. Send me some kind o' word I'll understand when the tussle begins in the Senate, and I'll play your suit."

The old man got up and began to count his collars on the floor as if his laundry slips were the most important things in the world. The conference was closed, very evidently. Shacklett left without a word, and with his face as impassive as it was the time he won the twenty-five hundred dollars from the member from Cook county on a pair of sevens.

He did not ring for the elevator, but walked down the stairs and went out the side entrance. As he passed the Palace he saw the man he felt sure McKee had in mind sitting on the sidewalk in front of the office with a clerk in the auditor's office and a deputy warden of a penitentiary telling stories. Even Shacklett could not guess what he had said to McKee.

For, as Shacklett walked up to the Statehouse again, it all depended upon whether McKee had been successful. Shacklett hoped from the bottom of his heart that McKee had failed. That would settle the matter easily. If McKee had not failed then the whole decision would be on his own shoulders. He had thought it all out before he got to the street. He would be the meanest rascal that ever sold his brother if he accepted McNamara's offer. He knew that, but then there was the $20,000—and the girl. What the girl would think did not matter, for she would never know it. Whether the devil or the training of his own mother won, in either case she would never know anything about it. It was a nasty thing to do, and a dirtier thing than Shacklett had ever done; but a man's a fool if he does not sell his soul when the devil offers such a price, he reasoned. The more he thought about it the more mixed up he became. Finally, by the time that he was passing under the railroad bridge again, he seemed to be watching a struggle going on in some other man's mind, as he might look at a fight between a brakeman and a tramp on a passing train, which had come into his environment from somewhere indefinite and was going out into somewhere unknown. It was no use to argue it any longer. What McKee had done—or, rather, had failed to do—would probably settle the whole question, and what was the use of bothering with it now? This was what he found running through his brain as he walked up the pavement to the wide steps. He felt that it was about three to one that the devil would win if McKee did have his man. Twenty thousand and the girl, in his own opinion of himself, probably had a bigger "pull" than the inborn and inbred instincts of a gentleman—he gave them no higher name. And so, with the devil a hot favorite at three to one, he went in to see the end of the game.

As Shacklett entered the door of the outer office McKee picked up an account book with a preoccupied air and went into the inner chamber of his chief. Shacklett affably greeted the man in the outer office, shook hands with a postmaster from down country, passed the stenographer and minor clerks in the inner office with dignity, and went on into the private room of the secretary of the board. He gently shut the door and found McKee standing in the middle of the floor facing him.

"Well, did you get him?" asked Shacklett heartily, and with one of those most cordial smiles, generally reserved for asking about the health of the baby of a member from the country.

"You bet I did; did you get yours?" McKee almost shouted.

"What did he say?" asked Shacklett, ignoring the question addressed to himself.

"He wouldn't take a cent of money, but said if I wanted him to he'd vote for the bill. Said it would ruin him up at home, and all that, and that people would always talk about his family as the children of that man that was in the Senate the time the Chicago bills were passed, and sold out to the gang, and all that; but he said he'd vote all right to make me the twenty thousand if I said so. Did you get yours?"

When McKee had a fortune hanging on the answer it was cruel of Shacklett to ignore the momentous question again, but he only asked:

"Are you going to have him do it?"

"Course; that twenty thousand's too much for me to let go by. It's kind o' mean, but I can't stand the pressure. What did your man say?" And McKee was almost in a frenzy of impatience.

"Stuff's off; I couldn't get mine," said Shacklett quietly.

McKee looked at Shacklett a moment with a wobegone expression that changed into a look of wonderment and despair. Without a word he walked over to the vault, took a package out of a compartment and carried it back to Shacklett. By that time McKee's face was impassive, though his eyes were keenly boring into Shacklett's face, where they met a steely obstruction of lack of expression as fatal to scrutiny as the walls of the vault were to tempered drills. Shacklett took the package, placed it in his inside pocket, and as he turned to go out said casually:

"The advantage in this business is that if you don't draw to your bobtailed flush you don't lose anything, and if you do you win a lot. Come over to-night if you've nothing else to do."

The last words were said while Shacklett was passing into the public office. He walked out with nods to those there and cheery words to the three people in the outer office, and seemed straighter than when he went in a few minutes before.

McKee had dropped into a chair in the private office where Shacklett left him, and was looking out the window. "Well," he said to himself, slowly, "I'm wrecked again, and I can't see that I can do much kicking, for he's broken up worse than I am. He had his man all right, just as I had mine. He turned his man loose again, and I didn't. It looks—like that man Shacklett—would—let go—of his life—to keep some other fellow—out of trouble; he's getting the worst reputation in the State—and I guess he's the best man in the State to tie to. He's a kind o' cross between a good woman and a devil, and I'll be damned if I don't wish the devil had been running him this trip."

McKee went to Shacklett's apartments that night more from curiosity than anything else. He wanted more knowledge of the details of Shacklett's operations for the vote, but he failed to get it. Shacklett had from the beginning a businesslike tone, and in a little while was sitting with the side of his face toward the grate fire in his room, saying:

"I've been talking to Cantwell and others about you. They're ready to believe that I'm not so much force as I'm cracked up to be, and I've been telling them that very thing. The fact is I'm not good enough for this work here, and I'm going to quit it. I've been playing it a good while for a big stake, and the big thing's gone by. They don't come in dozen lots, you know, and I'm like the man at the depot after the train's left. I can't wait for another killing here, and I'm going to leave. I've had two strings to my bow; one's broke now, and I'm going to use the other. I'm going out West and take up another game. I've told the fellows from Chicago that you're better than I ever was to help them, and that they'd better give you the business they've been giving me. I think they'll do it—and you won't fall down, like I did at the critical moment to-day. You got your man and I didn't get mine, and that's the difference between us—between success and failure. In two weeks I'll be out West with a sign out as a lawyer, and I don't want anybody but you around here to know where it is. I'm going to be different, and square and honest and a decent man, and it's the last chance I have."

Shacklett's conversation with Mary Stoddard a week later was a stimulus to him to a greater degree than he suspected. "I played for big stakes and I failed," he repeated to her as they sat in the large parlor at the Heights at Warsaw. "I did think once that I had a plan to make fifteen or twenty thousand dollars in a year or less, but it went wrong in spite of me. In all the time I've been in Springfield I've not been able to save enough to buy a houseboat fit for a hunting trip, and I've worked out that place. In short, I'm a failure, and I came over to tell you that stuff's off. I'm going out West to be a two-by-four lawyer and dabble in politics, and maybe get to be mayor of some city that has to be staked down to keep it from sliding down a mountain."

"And if the city should slide down hill I suppose you'd go with it," she suggested, with a smile that was deceptive in its effect.

"Of course; that's my general direction anyhow, and I might as well go with the crowd," he replied, off his guard.

"That's exactly my own idea," she said, gravely, but with a light in her eyes; "but I shall wait until the landslide comes before worrying about it. The city might have a boom, you know, and you would feel foolish if it should grow out of all identification the year after you declined to be mayor, wouldn't you? Of course, you might get defeated at the polls. Men do cruel things sometimes in denying things to others from foolish motives."

"The previous question has been carried," he replied, with one of those large smiles that meant so much of decision to those who knew him best, "and further discussion is out of order."

"Yes," she said, "and the situation is that you love me so much that you won't marry me, and I love you so much that I won't marry anybody else. It might as well be put into bald words. I shouldn't be a woman worthy to be my mother's daughter if I let you outdo me; it's a deadlock, isn't it?" She walked up to the mantel and put out her foot to the grate, with her face turned downward, as she spoke with half a smile. Now her eyes glistened with tears, and she stepped quickly behind him. In a moment she stooped over his chair and lightly kissed his forehead under the curl that she pushed back. In another instant she was sitting again in her old seat and asking when he intended to start.

Ten years later, when somebody asked Shacklett what was really the best control of his nerve that he ever maintained, he smilingly and musingly shook his head, and the questioner had a fleeting vision of some dark secret of politics that would startle the whole country if told. Shacklett often said that a big book ought to be written about the mistakes made by unanswered questioners.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DOMINANT AND A DISCORD.

Nobody back in Illinois heard from Shacklett for a year except McKee and Mary Stoddard. He wrote discouragingly to both, one of his letters to McKee being:

"Friend McKee: You might do well here in mining stocks, but I left them alone because I don't know mining. If I could find a country where farms were owned by corporations and the stocks listed I would take flyers and come out all right. But here there is little chance for a tenderfoot—that is, for all but one out of a thousand. I have had ten cases in court now and lost six of them, but I have learned some things out of them. You might do something here around the Legislature, but it's not as good a graft as there because the good people with the schemes never have any trouble getting them through, and don't have to do much fine work. I have not been here long enough yet to tell how I am going to come out, but I will have a little fun soon, as I am going to join the reform element here in the city to bounce the mayor and some other people that I don't like. You will get some papers after a while roasting me for a reformer, and if I don't write often it will be because I don't want them to catch on to my former address and get any news from there about me. You might come out and watch me a while."

The reform forces won; and, while the preachers and deacons and elders and other really good people felt the self-satisfaction of work well done, the people in the city hall laid the blame on Shacklett. There was little noteworthy in the campaign except the application of modern and practical political methods in favor of the side to which they are generally found in opposition, and the side which is generally utterly ignorant of them.

His work was remembered in the autumn, and a candidate of his party for the Legislature appealed to him for help and got it. Shacklett had never made a dozen speeches east of the Mississippi river, but he found that his direct methods of expression and perfect frankness won more votes there among the mountains than the highest oratory of the schools, scholastic or political. In a fortnight a candidate in the adjoining district had him over there helping him, and in a month the chairman of the state central committee had offered a pretty good thing if Shacklett would go out into all the close and opposition districts for a rapid campaign tour.

Shacklett went on the tour, but declined the pretty good thing in a way that made an impression of sincere philanthropy that stunned the chairman. Shacklett said that he was too new to the State to expect much, and that he would return to his law practice and make money at that as soon as the campaign was over. In each legislative district he had a short but lucid talk with the candidate to whose aid he had come. The lucidity was in the talk and not in the understanding, however. The talk culminated in an agreement that the legislative candidate, if elected, should respond without fail to any one demand that Shacklett might make upon him in the Legislature; and the understanding of the prospective legislator was that this demand would be to help along the bill of some friends of Shacklett's in the city, which bill might or might not come up—just providing for a possibility, if the candidate thought there should be something coming from him, Shacklett said.

The result of the election was great eclat to the candidates in the large number of close districts which went for Shacklett's party, and special reputation to the several candidates of his party who were elected in opposition districts. A few men at state headquarters puckered their brows as they analyzed the vote on the day after election, and decided that that man Shacklett should not again be given so much swing in the State.

But nobody felt more than a proper caution until the time for the Legislature to meet. There was nothing very important coming up except the choice between Calloway and Sommers for the seat in the Senate at Washington, and the fight between these two men began so early and was so warm that very few members had pledged themselves to either, most of the members waiting to discover which would win in time to get on the side that would gain the victory and the patronage.

Then came the unexpected; it was Shacklett making sight drafts upon his friends whose promise to accept them he had secured in those lucid but smoke-hidden talks, and Shacklett's reserves coming in from the most unexpected quarters, that started a panic and something of a stampede. "Shacklett for senator" was the largest headline on the first page of all the newspapers one day. There suddenly sprang into existence, almost as quickly as a mining corporation can be formed, an organization made up of the remnants of the reformed forces who had learned a little of practical methods and felt grateful to their teacher, and of scattered individuals whose admiration for Shacklett's power to produce results and the idea that it would pay had more to do with their loyalty to him than their gratitude for being the beneficiaries of those results. The stampede was growing in force, and the panic weakening, by the lapse of time when the crash came.

It started in a discord in a convention of musicians hundreds of miles away; grew in force as it crossed the Mississippi river to the West, and was reinforced by a quickly moving howl that overtook it in the race from Illinois, and finally reverberated among the mountain canyons and precipices in a confused thunder, wail and clamor that drove Shacklett flying away across the prairies.

It started, as storms often do, in the most peaceful surroundings possible to imagine. The State Music Teachers' Association had come en masse to accept the invitation to an excursion on the river, with tea on the lawn of the Heights. Mary Stoddard had talked of Chopin and Rimsky-Korsakow to bespectacled young men and rotund Germans until she had been called to assist a young girl with an old face who had become entangled in the shrubbery; then she called Mr. Bradbury and went out on the Point. She felt tired of the compliments to the place in all keys by the musicians, and said to herself that she liked crowds less every day. Mr. Bradbury was a restful man to talk to. He seldom talked education, missions or purity in politics outside of the pulpit of the church in Warsaw. He felt his responsibilities, but he also remembered the world he had known before he donned the cloth. Miss Stoddard just now desired most of all to get a breath of the air of the real world, and the spiritualities of the lovers of Beethoven and Dargomijsky did not appeal to her.

"That river," she said, when they reached the promontory where the flagstaff of the geodetic survey had been, "has two mouths, you see. They have changed locations several times since I was a little girl, and sometimes there is but one. But whatever the situation there, the Des Moines empties into the Mississippi in some way or other. I admire the certainty of its accomplishment regardless of means and obstructions. It is a case of the end justifying the means, and the more I look at it the more apt I am to adopt that theological tenet."

The Rev. Mr. Bradbury only smiled. He had no fears of this sheep of his flock straying even the least distance from the creed held by her forefathers and herself. After a little he said: "But there is only one means used—the natural tendency to flow down hill. Men and women move upward or downward with the same certainty according to the direction in which they are traveling."

A party of the music teachers strolled up and interrupted what she was about to reply. Talking to a thin-faced girl was a young reporter from one of the Chicago papers, sent down to cover his first assignment out of the city, and duly impressing the people he met with his journalistic importance. Just now he was recounting as his own the experiences of a man who did the legislative work for his paper.

"Now, there was the king of the lobby, Shacklett," he rattled off, and the name made Miss Stoddard listen to him instead of to what Mr. Bradbury was saying in an attempt to continue their own conversation. "Now, there was Mr. Shacklett. He had a cool million dollars to spend to buy members with, and he took old Senator McNamara up in a room and spread out twenty thousand in currency before him, and told him it was all his if he would vote for the Chicago bills. But old Mac was too honest or too smart or too badly scared—he refused. Then there was Cantwell; he was a nervy one, too——"

But Miss Stoddard turned back to Mr. Bradbury with new interest. "Now, take that boy, for instance," the minister said, seizing an opportunity to attract her wandering thoughts. "He is starting down hill by his very association with such schemes as he has been telling of. But the man he spoke of—the man who offered the other a fortune to sell his vote for corrupt measures—that man will continue to go downward exactly as the Des Moines does. He is certain to get to his level finally—as certain as the river is to flow into the Mississippi, if not by one channel, then by another, or by both together."

"But because he did that one thing, does that make it a necessity for him to do more like it? May he not do such a thing once in his life without its determining the trend of his character?" As Miss Stoddard said this she tried not to show too much feeling.

"But this man was already the king of the lobby, you see. That was the level to which he descended by a gradual evolution of character, you know."

"Yes, that is true," she replied. "Let us go back and discuss the chord of the diminished seventh in the minor scale."

As soon as the adieus of the musicians had been said and the guests from Warsaw had departed Mary Stoddard went out again upon the Point and looked at the rivers. Beyond the tops of the stunted trees growing on the high bluff the Mississippi lay at her feet like a lake of narrow width and indefinite length. After its rush over the rapids above Keokuk it moved along so sedately that it could not be seen to flow, but seemed to be a stationary body of water, the two ends of which reached out into the unknown. Its one suggestion was the inconceivable. To the right it reached out into tree tops, and to the left it extended past the big elm that cut off the picture. Beyond these one knew it was drawn through a great nation from top to bottom. But one had to reason this out, just as one had to make an appreciable effort to grasp the fact of the nation. For all that one actually felt it came from the unknown and went into the unknowable.

On the other side was something hardly more definite. Directly in front the Des Moines was drawn under the railroad bridge down to the water's edge. Of course, when one comes to think of it, the Des Moines traverses a great State, and is a very respectable river, but in the picture that Mary Stoddard saw it was only one of the lines, lying like a forked stick on a dirty table. A little farther down nestled the village of Alexandria, seen only when looked for, and indefinite always. Beyond the brown plain of corn in the bottom lands were the Missouri bluffs, ten miles away, making a hazy sky line that served to separate the fields from the clouds, and, by their distance, to add the quality of impressiveness to the view. The one thing with definition was the Mississippi, cutting the ground from under one's feet.

As Mary Stoddard sought the one tangible thing to grasp, one definite axiom on which to build the proposition, the only thing that came to her was the memory of the words of the Rev. Mr. Bradbury. They had seemed easy to overcome at the time, but they continued to stand out like the Mississippi in the view before her, and she felt that, however stagnant they appeared in themselves, they had force enough to change the drift of her life. It was not yet dark when she walked to her room and wrote the letter to Shacklett which, indirectly, caused the greatest political surprise one of the American capitals had ever seen. When Monday came she drove to Warsaw for the mail. Incidentally she passed the depot and stopped to talk to the telegraph operator about the Sunday school.

Miss Stoddard did not reply meekly when old Barbara chided her for keeping dinner waiting until 2 o'clock. She led the gardener a merry chase the rest of the afternoon, showing him contemplated changes in the flower beds, and at evening she went to her room instead of coming to supper. When the electric lights in her room flashed up, as the dynamo station in the town started for the night, she turned them off at the lamps. She was born twenty years too late to cry, under the circumstances, and she thought more of the past than of the present.

When the moon shining through the window made the room as light as a poor lamp would have made it she petulantly remembered that the moon could not be extinguished, as an electric light, and wondered whether the time would ever come when men of science could accomplish even that. A little later she was on the settee where the bluff fell away from the edge of the land down into the indefinite depths, at the bottom of which the river shone out strong and clear, and more mighty because of the moonlight tipping the tops of the waves and making them each recognizable. There was nothing now to suggest man; all spoke of the God who wrote his character in his work. The very essence of peace pervaded everything—the sweet, beautiful peace that passeth understanding and is fairly tangible from a Mississippi bluff when all is still.

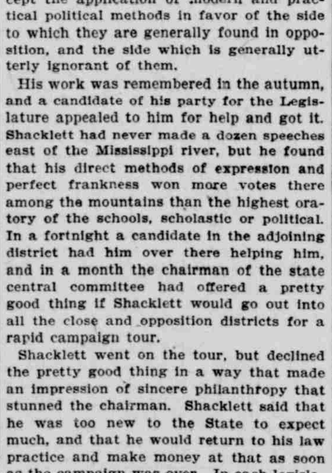
Then a note of discord was struck when into view came a steamboat with its red signal light high in the air and its dim yellow glow shining through the openings of its cabin and engine room. Slowly it crept over the burnished river like a planet over the disk of the sun, and suddenly Mary Stoddard started.

After all, what had made the river what it was? Millions of years of calm had left it only a peaceful picture, with savages in the foreground and heathen monuments in the middle distance. But a hundred years of burning hot steam had brought churches and colleges and civilization to an empire.

What came with the steamboat was injustice, oaths, the violation of each and every one of the commandments, and what men call modern conditions. Did it pay? Would it have been better to have left the river to flow on in peace than to have stirred up the mud from its bottom with the revolving paddle wheels of selfish strife, after cutting the line that for so long held men fast to the old, godly ideas?

The boat passed on into the night. The girl did not see it disappear. The thing she saw was the line of flat tombstones marking the graves of her ancestors, each of whom had lived a godly life of peace and slipped out of view as the boat had done. They had without doubt saved their own souls, but what else had they done? Her father had become county clerk, and her grandfather had built the old stone church. Her brother had had some hope of becoming county superintendent of schools, and his real ambition was to make the address of welcome at the old settlers' meeting. Her grandfather, she remembered, had made the pleasures of this home possible by venturing out upon the furthermost edge of the frontier and stopping only where the river made the boundary of settlement. * * * She had chosen the only right road—the road that leads to the peace of a clear conscience—she felt sure. But would it pay her to glide through life to the sea when the gain is in inertia and the loss in energy? It was four days before she decided that question for herself—and for Shacklett.

[To be Continued.]



PUGILISTS' BUSINESS.

He—Our new minister would make a splendid pugilist.

She—Why?

He—He put eight men to sleep last Sunday.

In the Window.

Oh, my love comes to me to-night,
After the weary days,
And I must trim the candle bright
And light a cheerful blaze.

Then close within the window stand,
As down the silent streets
My heart shall hear his coming, and—
How it knows, and beats!

His footsteps fall from stair to stair,
(Oh, my love is my own!)
I wear a ribbon in my hair
That only he has known.

His kiss upon my palms he left;
I hold its message, still.
Long days have made his soul bereft;
To-night he takes his fill!

In winter time, in summer too,
In sunshine and in rain,
Love waits for Love, the wide world thro'.
(Alas for watches vain!)

As in my window hid I stand
(Would all so blest might be!)
His step is on the threshold, and
My love has come to me.

—Marie Van Vorst in McClure's Magazine.